



## A NEW SONG ON THE GAOL OF CLONMALAL

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Hard ba d is my state,  
And vain my repining,  
The strong rope of fate  
Round this young neck is twining,  
My spirits are gone,  
And my cheeks sunk & sa low,  
While I pine in my chains,  
In the Gaol of Clonmalla

Vo boy in the Village,  
Was ev-er yet mi der,  
Bould play with a child,  
And my sports could be wild-er,  
I could dance without tiring,  
From mo-ning till eveing,  
And my Gaol ball I d strike,  
Towars tee lightaing of heaven,

At my bed foot neglected,  
My hurl bat is lying,  
My ball among-t the boys  
Of the Village is flying,  
My horse amongst the neibors,  
Neglected may follow,  
While I pine in my chains,  
In the Gaol of Clonmalla,

Next sunday at home,  
The pater-n will be keeping,  
The active young hurlers,  
The fidd-ers will be sweepng,  
With a dance of fair maidens,  
The evening shn I hallow,  
While the heart once so gay,  
Will be cold in Clonmalla,

Next sunday at home,  
My funeral will be keeping,  
While the boys of the Village,  
At my wake will weeping,  
The hurlbat and goat ball,  
In my coffin for a pillow,  
And nomore I'll remain,  
In the Gaol of Clonmalla,

